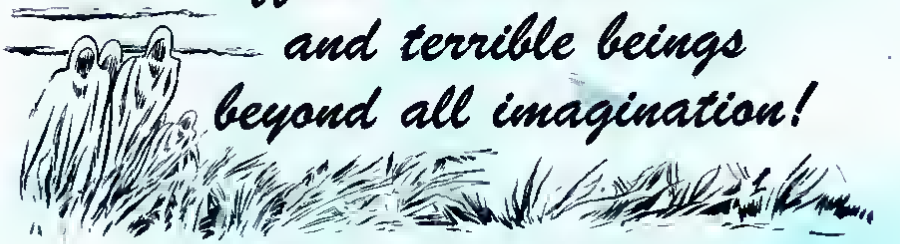
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

FEB.
10¢
NO. 9

...to turn the cover of

is to pry loose the lid of musty coffins and unleash eerie and terrible beings beyond all imagination!



10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor V. A. PROVISIERO • Art Editor AL JETTER

IT WAS A LITTLE THING... MERELY A PIECE OF WOOD STUCK INTO THE GROUND... BUT IT STARTED CRAIG STEPANIK AND HIS WIFE ON A NIGHT OF TERROR... A NIGHT THAT WAS TO LIVE FOREVER IN THEIR MEMORIES! COME WITH ME AND LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THESE TWO... AND THE THING OF DARKNESS KNOWN AS

The WITCH of TARLO

CRAIG STEPANIK WAS OF A COMMON BREED... AN ALMOST PENNILESS PAINTER! HIS OLD CAR WAS ALMOST ON ITS LAST LEGS AS HE AND HIS WIFE APPROACHED A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN!

TARLO! MAYBE WE CAN FIND A PLACE TO STAY HERE!

IT'LL HAVE TO BE CHEAPER THAN ANYTHING ELSE WE'VE SEEN... OR IT'LL BE NO GO!

ENTERING TARLO

LET'S TRY THIS REAL ESTATE OFFICE, HILDA!

ALL RIGHT, CRAIG! IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO ANY PAINTING AT ALL THIS SUMMER, WE'LL HAVE TO GET SETTLED PRETTY SOON!

REAL ESTATE

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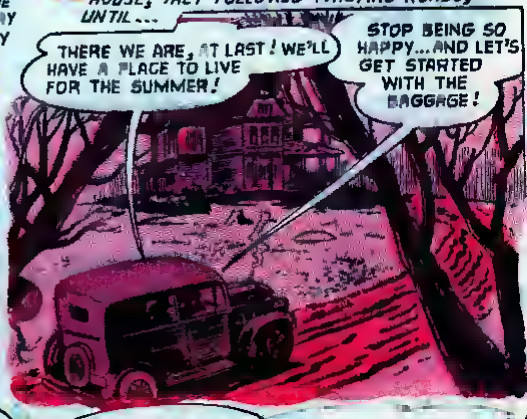
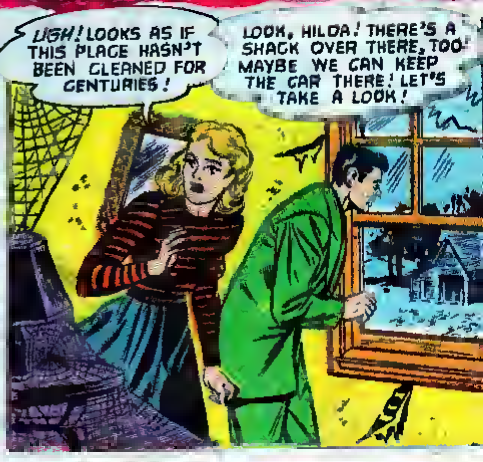
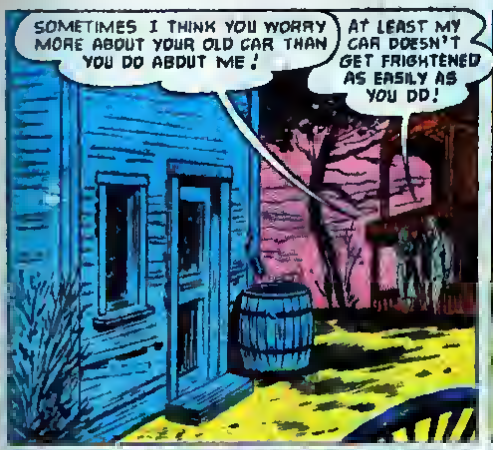
HOW MANY TIMES WERE THEY TO REMEMBER THIS MOMENT AS A DECISION TO REGRET? BUT THE FATES HAD NO FOREWARNING OF THE EVIL THAT LAY AHEAD, AND FOR THESE TWO THERE SEEMED ONLY HAPPINESS!

ARMED WITH DIRECTIONS AND A KEY TO THE OLD HOUSE, THEY FOLLOWED TWISTING ROADS, UNTIL...





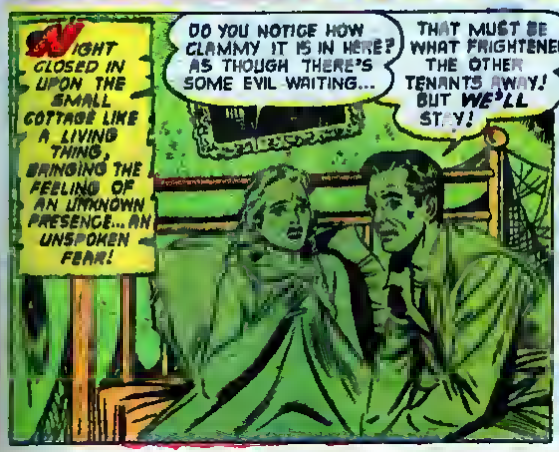

SOMETIMES I THINK YOU WORRY MORE ABOUT YOUR OLD CAR THAN YOU DO ABOUT ME!
AT LEAST MY CAR DOESN'T GET FRIGHTENED AS EASILY AS YOU DO!

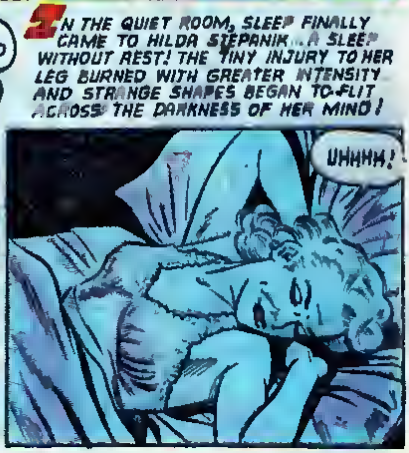
THEN... SUDDENLY...
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING!
CRAIG!

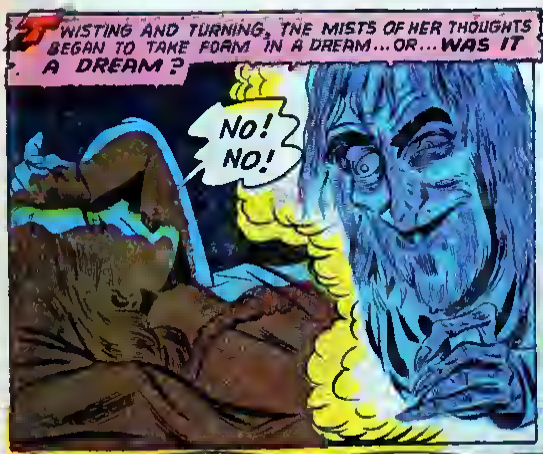
I--I TRIPPED OVER SOMETHING!
IT'S THAT OLD PIECE OF WOOD STICKING UP OUT OF THE GROUND! WHEN I GET A CHANCE, I'LL TRY TO DIG IT UP... GET IT OUT OF THE WAY!

MY LEG! IT BURNS LIKE FURY WHERE I HIT THAT STICK!
MAYBE YOU CAUGHT A SPLINTER! LET'S GET BACK TO THE HOUSE!

THEY WENT BACK INTO THE HOUSE WHERE CRAIG STEPANIK DID DISCOVER A SPLINTER IN HIS WIFE'S LEG! BUT REMOVING IT SEEMED TO GIVE NO RELIEF FROM THE GNAWING PAIN!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, CRAIG! IT WAS ONLY A SPLINTER... BUT MY LEG'S ON FIRE!
I'LL TRY TO FIX UP THE BEDROOM SO YOU CAN LIE DOWN!


NIGHT CLOSED IN UPON THE SMALL COTTAGE LIKE A LIVING THING, BRINGING THE FEELING OF AN UNKNOWN PRESENCE... AN UNSPOKEN FEAR!
DO YOU NOTICE HOW CLAMMY IT IS IN HERE? AS THOUGH THERE'S SOME EVIL WAITING...
THAT MUST BE WHAT FRIGHTENED THE OTHER TENANTS AWAY! BUT WE'LL STAY!


IN THE QUIET ROOM, SLEEP FINALLY CAME TO HILDA STEPANIK... A SLEEP WITHOUT REST! THE TINY INJURY TO HER LEG BURNED WITH GREATER INTENSITY AND STRANGE SHAPES BEGAN TO FLIT ACROSS THE DARKNESS OF HER MIND!
UHHHH!

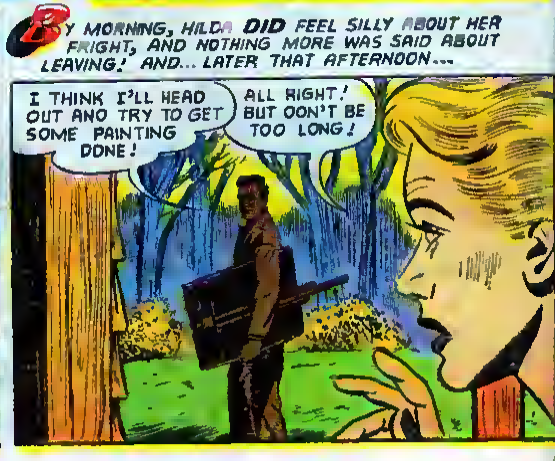

TWISTING AND TURNING, THE MISTS OF HER THOUGHTS BEGAN TO TAKE FORM IN A DREAM...OR...WAS IT A DREAM?
NO! NO!

THE SCENE WAS PROJECTED WITH TERRIFYING CLARITY!
YE MAY BURN ME AS A WITCH, BUT, BY SATAN, I'LL RETURN AND TAKE REVENGE ON ALL HUMANS!
NO, YE WILL NOT, WITCH OF TARLO! WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE STEPS TO PREVENT IT!

AND...
THERE! WE HAVE PLANTED THE STAKE AT WHICH SHE WAS BURNED OVER HER LONELY GRAVE!
NOW HER SPIRIT CAN NEVER ESCAPE ...AS LONG AS THE STAKE REMAINS!

THE WAVERING PICTURES EXPLODED IN A SUDDEN KALEIDOSCOPE OF HORROR, AND...
CRAIG! CRAIG!
HILDA! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, CRAIG ..CRAIG! I'M SO FRIGHTENED! I--I WANT TO LEAVE HERE...NOW!
HUSH, HONEY! YOU JUST HAD A BAD DREAM! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING!


BY MORNING, HILDA DID FEEL SILLY ABOUT HER FRIGHT, AND NOTHING MORE WAS SAID ABOUT LEAVING! AND...LATER THAT AFTERNOON...
I THINK I'LL HEAD OUT AND TRY TO GET SOME PAINTING DONE!
ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG!

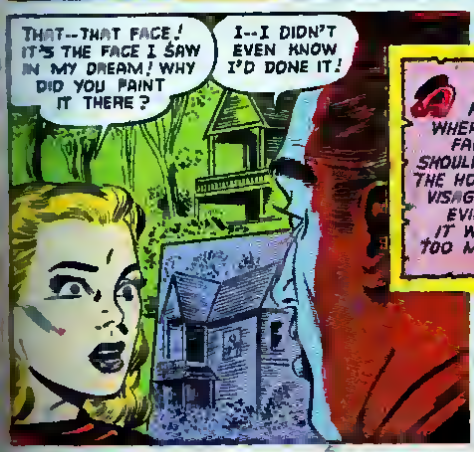
I'LL HAVE TO TIE THIS TO SOMETHING... OR IT'LL BLOW OVER BEFORE I GET STARTED!

HERE IT WAS AGAIN! THAT SMALL PIECE OF WOOD... SO CONVENIENT... ALMOST AS THOUGH WAITING TO BE PUT TO USE!
THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!

CRAIG DIDN'T NOTICE THE GATHERING STORM CLOUDS! HIS MIND WAS TOO FULL OF A STRANGE INTENSITY.. AND HE PAINTED FURIOUSLY, AS THOUGH POSSESSED BY FORCES BEYOND HIS CONTROL!

YOU'VE BEEN OUT HERE TOO LONG, HONEY! I BEGAN TO WONDER HOW YOU WERE MAKING OUT!
OH....I--I DIDN'T NOTICE YOU! COME ON AROUND AND LOOK!

N-NO... IT... IT CAN'T BE....
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?


THAT--THAT FACE! IT'S THE FACE I SAW IN MY DREAM! WHY DID YOU PAINT IT THERE?
I--I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I'D DONE IT!
FACE WHERE NO FACE SHOULD BE... THE HORRIBLE VISAGE OF EVIL! IT WAS TOO MUCH!

LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME, CRAIG! I WANT TO LEAVE HERE NOW!
WAIT'LL I UNTIE THE EASEL!

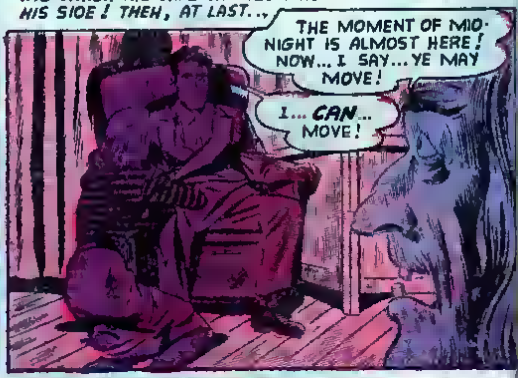
WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU GET A SPLINTER, TOO?
OUCH!
YES... IT'S THIS BLAMED PIECE OF WOOD! IT'S A JINX OF SOME KIND... AND I'M GOING TO PULL IT UP IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
DON'T BE FOOLISH! IT'S IN SO DEEPLY, IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE YOU HOURS!
CRAIG SET HIMSELF TO PULL ON THE STICK WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, BUT TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE...
WHY... IT'S COMING UP EASILY!
Y-YES... IT ALMOST FEELS AS IF SOMEONE WERE PUSHING AT THE OTHER END!
THEN... SUDDENLY...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
GOOD LORD!
ALL AROUND THEM IT FLOATED IN GROWING WAVES OF HYSTERIA... THE SOUND OF THAT MOCKING, UNGLEAN LAUGHTER! IT WAS MORE THAN A MIND COULD BEAR!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HURRY! INTO THE HOUSE!
EVERYTHING'S ALL READY! LET'S GET GOING!
I'M AS ANXIOUS TO LEAVE THIS PLACE AS YOU ARE! I ONLY HOPE OUR OLD CAR'LL START IN THIS STORM!

IT ALMOST SEEMED A CONSPIRACY OF THE ELEMENTS!
IT'S GOT TO START! IT MUST!
I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE, HILDA! THE CAR'S DEAD AS A DOORNAIL! WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE.. WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT!
I'M SO AFRAID... SO AFRAID! THAT HIDEOUS LAUGHTER!
MAYBE IT WAS REALLY ONLY THE WIND! I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!
BUT AS THE FRIGHTENED PAIR HUDDLED IN THE MEAGER PROTECTION OF THE OLD COTTAGE, A WEIRD MIST WAS BEGINNING TO FORM UNDER THE DRIVING RAIN!
THE MIST SWIRLED INTO IMPROBABLE SHAPES... POURING OUT OF THE GAPING HOLE LEFT BY THE REMOVAL OF THE STAKE... UNTIL.....
FREE! FREE, AT LAST! HA HA HA HA HA HA!
AND...A MOMENT LATER...INSIDE THE COTTAGE...
D-DON'T ANSWER IT, CRAIG!
WE CAN'T DO THAT, HILDA! MIGHT BE SOMEONE CAUGHT IN THE STORM!
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WOULD YE BE KIND ENOUGH TO GRANT AN OLD WOMAN REFUGE FROM THE RAIN?
SURE... COME ON IN!

FACE TO FACE WITH UNSPEAKABLE HORROR...NO SOUND BUT THE LASHING OF THE STORM...AND THE LOW CACKLING LAUGHTER OF THE SPIRIT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

IT WAS AS THOUGH CAUGHT IN A STEEL VISE! CRAIG STEPANIK WAS UNABLE TO MOVE A MUSCLE OR RESIST THE INSTRUCTIONS OF HIS STRANGE, TERRIBLE VISITOR!

COULD THIS BE HAPPENING TO US? THAT WAS THE QUESTION THAT TURNED OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN CRAIG'S MIND AS THE HOURS TICKED BY...HOURS DURING WHICH HIS WIFE REVIVED AND CREPT WEAKLY TO HIS SIDE! THEN, AT LAST...



FEELING HIMSELF RELEASED FROM THE GRIP OF IMMOBILITY, HE BOUNDED TOWARDS THE FIRE-PLACE WITH A SPEED BORN OF DESPERATION!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
SEE HOW YOU LIKE FIRE!
NO! NO! TAKE IT AWAY!
QUICK! RUN FAST! I'LL KEEP HER BACK WITH THIS!
HE WHO HAD DIED ONCE BY FIRE WAS AFRAID OF FIRE! THE BURNING TORCH WAS PROTECTION, AND THEY RUSHED OUT INTO THE STORM TO ESCAPE! BUT THE STORM ITSELF SEEMED AN ALLY OF EVIL!
THE RAIN... IT'S PUTTING OUT THE FIRE!
NOW YOU HAVE NO ESCAPE... NO ESCAPE!
I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING ELSE... SOME OTHER WAY!
THIS STICK! MAYBE I CAN BEAT HER OFF WITH THIS!
TRY TO ESCAPE... TRY! IT IS USELESS!

HA HA HA HA HA HA
SWISH

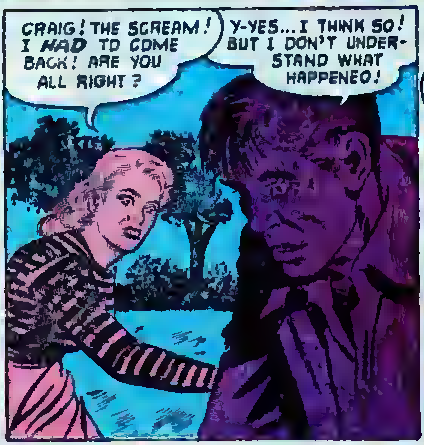
AGAIN AND AGAIN HE STRUCK AT HER .. AND EACH TIME THE WOOD PASSED COMPLETELY THROUGH HER BODY! THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT RUN... RUN... RUN!
I'VE...GOT... TO... GET.... AWAY...
FOOL!

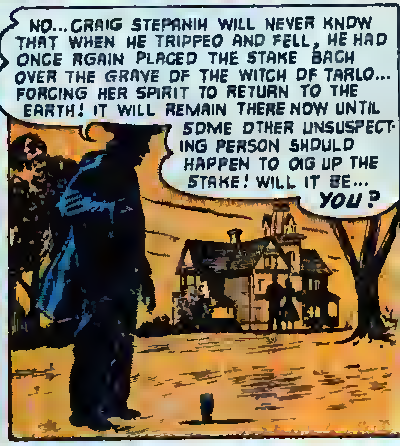
EVEN FLIGHT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE, FOR...
OOF! I TRIPPED! NO... NO!

THUD!

STAY AWAY... WH-WHAT....
AIEEEE!

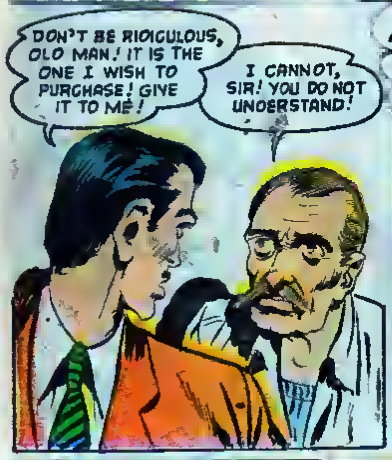
AS THE SCREAM OF UNHOLY AGONY RENT THE AIR, THE WITCH FADED AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS! THE PERIL WAS GONE ...BUT WHY... WHY?


CRAIG! THE SCREAM! I HAD TO COME BACK! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
Y-YES...I THINK SO! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED!

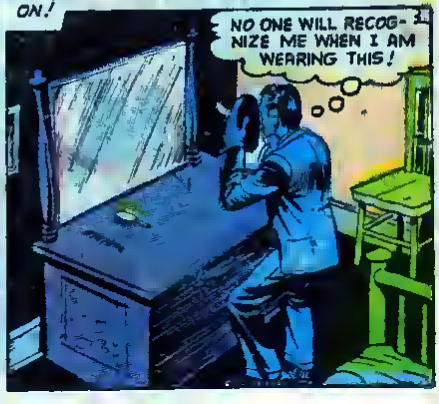

NO...CRAIG STEPANIK WILL NEVER KNOW THAT WHEN HE TRIPPED AND FELL, HE HAD ONCE AGAIN PLACED THE STAKE BACK OVER THE GRAVE OF THE WITCH OF TARLO... FORCING HER SPIRIT TO RETURN TO THE EARTH! IT WILL REMAIN THERE NOW UNTIL SOME OTHER UNSUSPECTING PERSON SHOULD HAPPEN TO DIG UP THE STAKE! WILL IT BE... YOU?

JACK KARVEN KNEW WHAT HE WANTED! HE WANTED THE GIRL! BUT HER FAMILY DIDN'T APPROVE--WITH GOOD REASON--AND THERE WAS EVEN SOME DOUBT ABOUT HOW THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS FELT ABOUT HIM! THAT'S WHY KARVEN ATTENDED THE MASQUERADE, AND WHY HE MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF WEARING... HEH-HEH... THE
DEVIL'S MASK!
33-13
N ALL OF HE CITY OF HOKRA, THE FAME OF THE MASQUER'S SHOP WAS KNOWN! NO ONE MADE MASKS SO LIFELIKE, SO AMUSING, AND SOME-TIMES SO TERRIBLE, AS PAPA DEMETRIO! ONE DAY, TO PAPA DEMETRIO'S SHOP, THERE CAME A CERTAIN JACK KARVEN!
MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?
I AM LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO WEAR TO A MASQUERADE!

AS KARVEN LOOKED AROUND THE SHOP, HIS EYES FELL UPON A MASK OF DIABOLICALLY CLEVER DESIGN!



JACK KARVEN DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO THE ECCENTRIC OLD MASQUER'S WARNING! HE TOOK HIS PURCHASE HOME TO TRY IT ON!



THE MASK SLIPPED INTO PLACE OVER KARVEN'S FEATURES, WITHOUT SEAM OR JOINT! IT SEEMED TO MOLD ITSELF PERFECTLY TO HIS FACE!
I CAN GO TO VIOLETTA'S MASQUERADE TONIGHT, AFTER ALL! NONE OF HER FAMILY WILL KNOW ME! I'LL PERSUADE VIOLETTA TO RUN AWAY WITH ME--- BECOME MY WIFE!
LATER THAT NIGHT, WEARING THE MASK, KARVEN MADE HIS APPEARANCE AT THE MASQUERADE PARTY!
YOU HAVE YOUR INVITATION, SIR?
NONSENSE! DOES LUCIFER NEED AN INVITATION FROM MERE MORTALS?
DON'T ANNOY ME, LACKEY! OR I WILL SEND YOU TO BOIL IN THE FIRES OF INFERNO!
HA-HA! THAT FELLOW IS PLAYING HIS ROLE TO THE LIMIT!
HE CERTAINLY IS!
UNNOTICED IN THE CROWD, KARVEN LOOKED AROUND FOR VIOLETTA! HE REFUSED TO DANCE WITH ANY OF THE WOMEN WHO APPROACHED HIM, NOR DID HE JOIN IN THE REVELRY! FINALLY HIS STRANGE ACTIONS ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF VIOLETTA'S FATHER!
HMMM! SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT FELLOW WEARING THE DEVIL'S MASK!
I BEG YOUR PARDON! THAT'S A WONDERFUL MASK YOU'RE WEARING! IT...IT HARDLY SEEMS LIKE A MASK AT ALL!
EH? OH, YES! IT IS INTERESTING, ISN'T IT?
THAT VOICE! CAN IT BE...? WOULD HE HAVE THE NERVE?
I CAN RECOGNIZE MOST OF THE GUESTS DESPITE THEIR DISGUISES! BUT I REALLY CAN'T SEEM TO PLACE YOU!
INDEED?
SUDDENLY, VIOLETTA'S FATHER'S EYES NARROWED WITH RECOGNITION! HE KNEW THE IDENTITY OF HIS MASKED VISITOR NOW!
YOU'RE JACK KARVEN! I WARNED YOU NEVER TO COME TO THIS HOUSE AGAIN!

THEY WERE STANDING IN AN ALCOVE, OUT OF HEARING OF THE OTHER GUESTS! WOLETTA'S FATHER WORKED HIMSELF INTO A FURY!

YOU'RE NO GOOD... A GAMBLER AND A CHEAT! YOU ONLY WANT MY DAUGHTER BECAUSE OF HER FORTUNE! WELL, YOU WON'T GET A CENT OF IT! SHE'S ENGAGED TO ANOTHER MAN!

VIOLETTA ENGAGED? YOU LIE!

YOU'VE FORCED HER INTO IT! VIOLETTA LOVES ME, DO YOU HEAR? NO OTHER MAN CAN HAVE HER!

L-LET..GO...

KARVEN IGNORED THE GASPING PROTEST OF THE OLDER MAN! HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED IN THE BLUBBERY FLESH... TIGHTENED INTO A VISE! ABRUPTLY, THE CORPULENT BODY SAGGED, LIFELESS!

I'VE KILLED HIM! WELL, HE DESERVED IT... THE SWINE!

I'LL FIND A PLACE TO HIDE HIS BODY! NO ONE SAW WHAT HAPPENED! NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW....

KARVEN DRAGGED THE LIFELESS BODY OF VIOLETTA'S FATHER OUT INTO THE GARDEN! AS HE WAS HIDING IT BEHIND THE BUSHES...

EEEEK!

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

GOOD HEAVENS! A DEAD MAN!

HELP! MURDER!

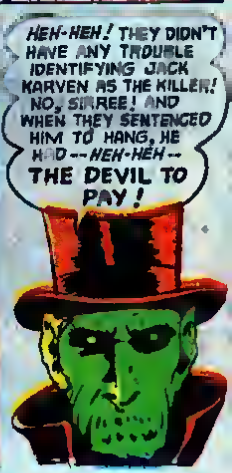
TOO BAD! THEY CAME ALONG AT JUST THE WRONG MOMENT!

KARVEN FLED INTO THE HOUSE! ALREADY THE ALARM WAS OUT, AND THE EXITS WERE BLOCKED! HE HEARD THE SOUND OF RACING FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDORS DRAW CLOSER! AND THEN HE HEARD SOMETHING ELSE!

ERIC, DARLING, THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY OTHER MAN IN THE WORLD FOR ME! YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT!

VIOLETTA'S VOICE!

SLOWLY, KARYEN PUSHED OPEN THE UNLOCKED DOOR! WITHIN THE ROOM HE SAW HER, HIS BELOVED VIOLETTA, AND ANOTHER MAN! THEY WERE OBLIVIOUS TO EVERYTHING EXCEPT THEMSELVES!
I LOVE YOU, ERIC!
NOTHING WILL EVER PART US, MY SWEET!
BEHIND HIS DIABOLICAL MASK, JACK KARYEN'S RAGE DISFIGURED HIS FEATURES, AND THE MASK PRESSED CLOSE... SO CLOSE HE WANTED TO RIP IT FROM HIS FACE!
VIOLETTA... IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER! THE TRAITRESS! SHE'LL PAY FOR THIS... PAY!
THERE HE IS! THE MAN IN THE DEVIL'S MASK! HE'S THE MURDERER!
THERE HE GOES!
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
YES, JACK KARYEN MANAGED TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS! BUT HE DIDN'T GO FAR! A FEW MINUTES LATER HE WAS AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR, IN THE SHADOWS NOT FAR FROM VIOLETTA'S HOME!
HE'LL BE LEAVING SOON!
THERE HE IS! ERIC... THE MAN SHE LOVES! I'LL FIX HIM!
HE GEARS GADUND FROM FIRST... TO SECOND... TO HIGH... AS THE HEAVY CAR SPED DOWN LIKE A JUGGERNAUT!
AND THEN...
YAGHH!
KRUNCH!
BEFORE THE ECHO OF THE BRUTALLY MURDERED MAN'S SCREAM FADED AWAY, KARYEN FLED AGAIN! HE HEARD THE OUTRAGED CRIES OF WITNESSES TO THE SLAYING!
HE DELIBERATELY RAN THAT FELLOW DOWN!
IT'S HIM... WEARING THE DEVIL'S MASK! GET HIM!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Sec. 233)

Of THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED, published bi-monthly at Greenwich, Conn., for October 1, 1952

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications Inc., Greenwich Conn., Editor Virginia Provisiero Corona L I Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Pelham Manor, N Y., Business Manager, Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Norwalk, Conn; Marion Base Kansas City, Mo., Roger Fawcett Greenwich Conn., V D Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn; M B Fawcett, Norwalk, Conn; H A Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn., Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn., M P Fawcett Greenwich Conn., M B King Oxnard, Cal; Gloria Leary, Santa Monica, Cal., V F Kerr, Santa Barbara, Cal; Mrs Eva Roberts, Seattle Wash; Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich Conn.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only) .....

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1952.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY.

(My commission expires April 1, 1953)

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

OLD SUZY

By John Martin

DAN HARLAN finished his breakfast thoughtfully, washed the dishes and put them away and took a turn in the garden behind the little summer house. The roses were in bloom and he inhaled their fragrance. A lovely spot, he thought, standing at the garden edge and looking down the sloping dune toward the docks of the little seacoast town. A trifle limited, of course. Getting to the mainland to see a show was a bother because of the infrequency of the ferry run and he knew he could cut his expenses a good bit by dredging for his own clams and catching his own fish. But for that he needed a boat.

His brow creased as he lit a cigar and started down the dune path toward Leb Jackson's boatyard.

Why, he asked himself, was Leb reluctant to sell *Old Suzy*, the motor sloop?

He passed through the brick-paved streets, squinted his eyes against the sun that was brilliantly reflected by the white-painted houses and gables and headed for Leb's. He found Leb leaning lazily against the gate of the boatyard, smoking his pipe.

"You gonna sell me *Old Suzy?*" Dan asked, smiling.

Leb smiled back, but there was a trace of sadness in his face. "You're a persistent cuss," Leb said. "Here I am trying to save you money and sell you a good boat, and . . ."

"What's wrong with *Old Suzy?*" Dan asked. "So far as I can see, she's in tip-top shape."

"She's a killer," Leb said. "She's killed one man, and she's sunk twice. And she's almost killed a couple more."

"Who owned her?" Dan asked. "First, I mean."

Leb nodded toward a small white cottage down the street. "Lunn Cadler built her," he said. "Used to live there, before he died."

"Before he died?"

"It's empty now," Leb said guardedly. "Can't get anyone to rent it, since they found Lunn with his throat cut aboard *Suzy*."

Dan glanced toward *Old Suzy* as she rocked at the water's edge. The word "old" in her name, he knew, was probably just a term of affection. *Suzy* looked new, no older than maybe five years.

"So he was found with his throat cut, eh?" Dan began and looked at Leb, but Leb suddenly clammed up.

"You say she's been sunk twice?" Dan asked.

The two men sauntered down the dock toward *Old Suzy*, passing several other craft.

"She's a rotten sailor," Leb said. "She's unsteady, and as unpredictable as a woman, and just as dangerous."

Dan looked at him and Leb continued:

"Twice she's rammed a boat and sunk doing it. Reason she sank instead of the other boat is that she never seems to hit 'em bow on. And *Suzy's* built like a ram. That bow's almost razor sharp."

"She looks darned well-designed," Dan said, stepping aboard.

"She is," Leb said and Dan stared at him in amazement. Then Leb shrugged. "I know. You think I'm crazy. Lunn Cadler was the best boat designer on the coast. When he built *Suzy* for his private pleasure craft, he put everything into her he knew. There isn't a better-designed boat in the water for her size. She balances true and her beam's steady as an ocean liner—at the dock."

"Doesn't look like the rebuilding she went through after being sunk twice harmed her any."

Leb hesitated before he put a foot on *Suzy's* deck. Then he followed Dan aboard. "It didn't," he said. "Every time she's sunk I've brought her back and fixed her up. I'm a craftsman, son."

Dan faced him squarely. "Look, Leb, I don't know what's behind all this. You seem almost afraid to tell me. But even if *Suzy* is a hard-luck boat—and I'm not superstitious—I want to buy her."

"If I told you what I think about *Suzy*, son, you'd think I was crazy," Leb said. "So I won't. But I've done everything I can to warn you off, and if that hasn't done any good, it's your risk." He paused, shrugging. "Anyway I've got a living to make."

Dan's face glowed. "You mean you're selling

her to me?"

"It's a deal," Leb said. "You can send me a check tomorrow."

"Okay, I'm taking her out for a trial run, right now." Dan said.

Leb seized his arm. "Look, son, don't be foolish," he said. "Matt Turner's moving south permanently next week. Wait until then."

"Never heard of him," Dan said, impatiently. "Forget it—I'm off."

Leb started to talk, then stopped, his eyes hopeless. "All right," he said dully. "Go on out. But don't say I didn't warn you." He looked anxiously at Dan's eyes. "But, son, listen, keep her away from a yawl with a red stripe around the waterline."

Puzzled, Dan watched as Leb stepped back on the dock, shaking his head dismally. Then he examined the fuel tanks and engine and the steering cables. Everything was shipshape. The inside of the cabin was bone-dry and only a normal amount of water filled the bilge-run. He started the engine.

Instantly, hungrily, the engine caught, coughed, then roared into life. Dan cast off the lines. Beneath him the boat quivered and moved out.

His hand moved toward the wheel. Touching it, his heart sank. *Old Suzy*, he realized with a shock of disappointment, was greasy. A greasy boat was one that might slide easily through water or act like a stuck pig. Her bow oscillated uncertainly this way and that.

But he knew, from his examination, that the boat was in excellent condition. A chill ran down his spine, as *Suzy's* bow nudged toward port. Filled with a vague foreboding, he pulled down on the throttle and swung the wheel.

"*Suzy!*" The cry burst from his throat. He had swung the wheel to starboard—but the wheel had bucked viciously, though there was no cross current. One of the spokes bit at his fingers, drawing blood as it flashed past. His eyes widened in horror as *Old Suzy* plunged ahead. A small, low-decked yawl was pulling into the harbor through the seawall pillars. At its wheel sat an old man, black-haired, saturnine. And *Suzy*, out of control, was leaping straight toward the yawl! Then Dan saw the bright red stripe on the waterline and his blood ran cold. *Suzy's* bow dipped in almost wolfish eagerness. The water falling from it seemed like the hungry drool of some savage monster.

Dan tore at the wheel. His back muscles bulged as he tried to divert *Suzy* from her course. He reached for the throttle and found it in high, locked. Before him the yawl loomed up, then *Suzy*, her engines roaring a death-song plowed her heavy oak bows into the yawl amidships. The shock threw Dan over the side. His last memory before unconsciousness overtook him was the look of sheer terror on the men aboard the yawl.

He woke on Leb's dock. Leb and a few fishermen stood over him, anxiously. As he opened his eyes, Leb breathed a sigh of relief.

"The yawl's sunk, Dan," he said. "Matt Turner's drowned."

"Matt—Turner?" Dan asked shakily, sitting up. "It was his boat?"

"It was *Suzy's* fault, Dan," Leb said, looking round him at the fishermen who solemnly nodded in agreement. "But there's nothing wrong with her now. I picked you up, got you back in her and sailed her here. Her balkiness is gone, Dan."

"But—but I don't understand . . ." Dan began bewilderedly.

"I should have told you, son," Leb said. "But as I said, you'd have thought me crazy. You see, Lunn Cadler and Matt Turner hated each other and swore they'd get each other somehow. When Lunn was found dead, everybody suspected Matt, but couldn't prove it. *Suzy* tried sinking Matt's boat twice after that, but each time the guy who owned her fought her head away from the yawl and it was *Suzy* who got damaged and sunk."

"You mean that *Suzy* took revenge on Matt Turner?"

LEB JACKSON looked at Dan with dark, tragic eyes, shaking his head.

"A boat's just a boat, son, even *Old Suzy*, just wood and metal that can't move itself without help," Leb said slowly.

"Lunn Cadler . . ." Dan said trembling. "But he's dead."

"Yeah," Leb said dryly, glancing out to sea. "He's dead. Maybe he'll rest—now."

THE END

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE ZOO AT NIGHT, MANY STRANGE ANIMALS PROWL TO AND FRO, FAR FROM THEIR NATIVE HABITAT! BUT NONE IS SO STRANGE AS THE STRIPED KILLER WHOSE LUST FOR BLOOD COULD NOT BE SATED, WHOSE VICTIMS DIED IN AN AGONY OF INDECISION ABOUT THE . . . ;
LADY OR THE TIGRESS ?
DONALD MATSON OWNED THE PRIVATE ZOO AT ELLYRIA, WHERE GREAT HUNTERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD SENT THEIR MOST PRIZED TROPHIES! ONE DAY, DONALD STOOD NEARBY, AS THE ATTENDANTS FOUGHT A SNARLING, STRIPED TIGRESS INTO HER CAGE!
HYAAA! GET IN THERE! MOVE!
AHRRR!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN!
CAREFUL WITH THAT WHIP, GUARD! THERE'S NO NEED TO BEAT HER LIKE THAT!
SHE'S A MEAN ONE, MR. MATSON! GOT TO TEACH HER WHO'S BOSS--OR WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HANDLE HER!
GUARD

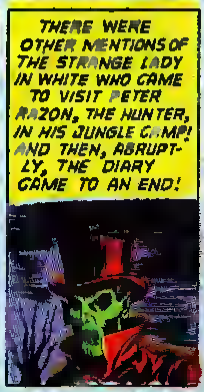
AT LAST THE SLEEKY, DANGEROUS TIGRESS WAS SAFELY IMPRISONED!
WHEW! THAT'S THAT, MR. MATSON!
SHE'S THE MOST UNUSUAL JUNGLE BEAST I'VE EVER SEEN! LOOK AT HER EYES!
CLANG
THEY'RE SOFT AND MELTING---ALMOST LIKE A WOMAN'S! THEY SEEM TO BELIE THE FIERCENESS! AS THOUGH THERE WERE A GENTLE SOUL HIDDEN SOMEWHERE BENEATH!
DON'T COUNT ON IT, MR. MATSON! IF YOU GET TOO NEAR THE TIGRESS, SHE'LL RIP YOU APART WITH HER CLAWS! SHE'S AS MEAN A KILLER AS I'VE SEEN!
I KNOW! SHE KILLED RAZOH, THE HUNTER WHO CAPTURED HER!
WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME, DONALD MATSON BECAME MORE AND MORE FASCINATED WITH HIS NEW POSSESSION! HE SENT FOR RAZON'S DIARY OF HIS LAST EXPEDITION!
HERE IT IS--- WHERE HE TELLS HOW HE CAPTURED THE TIGRESS!
" JAN. 14, KENYA: TODAY I FINALLY CAUGHT THE TIGRESS! HER BEAUTY WAS SUCH I COULD NOT KILL HER, BUT MADE CAREFUL PREPARATIONS FOR TRAPPING HER IN A TREE NET."
I FINISH HER WITH SPEAR NOW?
NO! GET SOME GOOD STRONG TREE LIMBS AND BUILD A CAGE!
THE TIGRESS' EYES--- I COULD SWEAR THEY'RE ALMOST HUMAN!
QUEER! POOR RAZOH HAD THE SAME REACTION TO THE TIGRESS THAT I DID! I WONDER WHAT ELSE HE HAD TO SAY?

...OS DONALD ...ATSON READ ...N IN THE DEAD ...NTER'S DIARY, ...E CAME UPON A STRANGE ...ENTION OF A LADY IN WHITE!

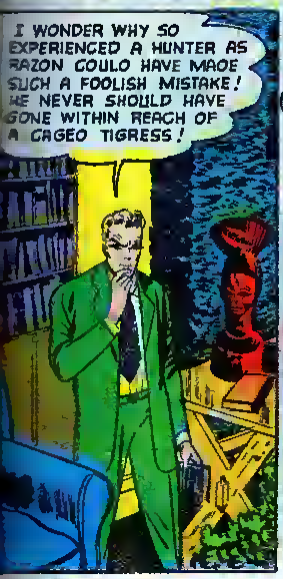
W-WHO ARE YOU?
I AM YOUR FRIEND, PETER RAZON!

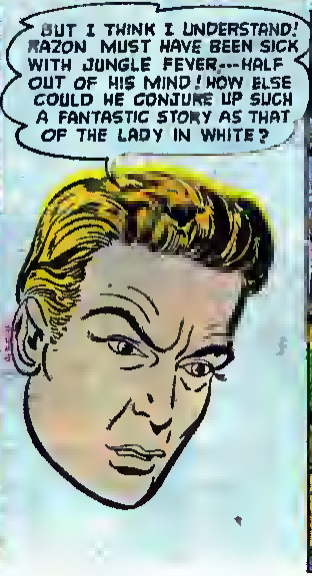
I KNOW YOU ARE NOT A CRUEL MAN! YET YOU HUNT AND KILL... AND CAPTURE! WHY IS THAT, PETER RAZON?
YOU CAN'T BE REAL!

YET YOU ARE!
I HEAR SOMEONE COMING! I MUST GO NOW, PETER! BUT I WILL RETURN!


THERE WERE OTHER MENTIONS OF THE STRANGE LADY IN WHITE WHO CAME TO VISIT PETER RAZON, THE HUNTER, IN HIS JUNGLE CAMP! AND THEN, ABRUPTLY, THE DIARY CAME TO AN END!

THE LAST ENTRY IS DATED THE SAME DAY THAT RAZON WAS KILLED! HIS NATIVE BEARERS FOUND HIM OUTSIDE THE TIGRESS' CAGE, TORN BY HER CLAWS!


I WONDER WHY SO EXPERIENCED A HUNTER AS RAZON COULD HAVE MADE SUCH A FOOLISH MISTAKE! HE NEVER SHOULD HAVE GONE WITHIN REACH OF A CAGED TIGRESS!


BUT I THINK I UNDERSTAND! RAZON MUST HAVE BEEN SICK WITH JUNGLE FEVER---HALF OUT OF HIS MIND! HOW ELSE COULD HE CONJURE UP SUCH A FANTASTIC STORY AS THAT OF THE LADY IN WHITE?

AGHHRR!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT?

MATSON RACED OUTSIDE, AND THERE HE FOUND THE BODY OF A DYING GUARD!

MR. MATSON... ..I....

DON'T TRY TO TALK, MAN! YOU'RE BADLY HURT!

THE LADY...IN WHITE! I SAW HER... AND... SHE...

WHAT'S THAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

NO USE QUESTIONING HIM! HE'S DEAD! RIPPED AND CLAWED BY ONE OF THE ANIMALS! BUT *WHICH ONE?*

MATSON CHECKED EACH OF THE CAGES, BUT ALL THE ANIMALS WERE WHERE THEY BELONGED! OUTSIDE THE TIGRESS' CAGE, HE PAUSED!

THE PADLOCK! IT ISN'T CLOSED!

THE TIGRESS IS THE ONLY ONE THAT *COULD* HAVE ESCAPED TO CLAW THE GUARD! YET WHY DID SHE RETURN TO THE CAGE..? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

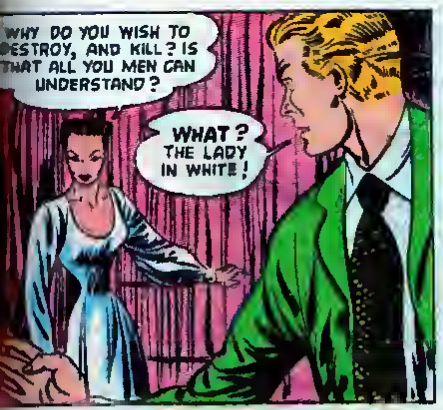
AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT, DONALD MATSON CALLED THE VETERINARIAN FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! THE REPORT WAS JUST WHAT HE EXPECTED!

I FOUND DRIED BLOOD ON THE TIGRESS' CLAWS! THERE'S NO DOUBT *SHE'S THE KILLER*, MR. MATSON!

I SEE!

AND THAT EVENING DONALD MATSON REACHED A GRIM DECISION!

I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE TIGRESS! BEAUTIFUL AS SHE IS, SHE'S A KILLER! I'LL DO IT NOW, WITH A BULLET THROUGH HER HEAD...



HER KISS WAS LIKE FIRE! DONALD MATSON'S BRAIN REELED, AND STRANGE THOUGHTS CROSSED HIS MIND! THOUGHTS OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE WHERE STRANGE ANIMALS STARED WITH UNBLINKING EYES FROM THE DARKNESS!

SHE BROKE AWAY FROM HIM, AND FLED ACROSS THE MOON-DRENCHED GROUNDS... BUT HER VOICE FLOATED BACK!
YES! I... WILL..RETURN!
THE MYSTERIOUS LADY IN WHITE KEPT HER PROMISE! THERE WERE OTHER EVENINGS TOGETHER... AND ALL THE WHILE DONALD MATSON'S CURIOSITY MOUNTED!
I WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU LIVE, WHERE YOU GO AFTER YOU LEAVE ME! I'VE GOT TO KNOW! I CAN'T BE CONTENT WITH JUST THESE FEW STOLEN HOURS!
IT IS BETTE THAT YOU D NOT FIND OI
BUT WHY? ANSWER ME THAT!
I AM NOT WHAT I SEEM! PERHAPS IF YOU KNEW ME BETTER, YOU WOULD NOT LIKE ME AT ALL!
DONALD MATSON DIDN'T BELIEVE HER, OF COURSE! THAT NIGHT, WHEN SHE LEFT, HE FOLLOWED HER!
SHE'S HEADED TOWARD THE ANIMAL CAGES!
IT-IT CAN'T BE SHE'S GOING I THE TIGRESS' CAGE! IT'S EMPTY!
AND THEN, AS DONALD MATSON WATCHED, HIS EYES NOT BELIEVING WHAT HE SAW, AN AMAZING TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE!

THE LADY IN WHITE---AND THE TIGRESS---ARE THE SAME! NO WONDER SHE PLEADED WITH ME TO SPARE--- THAT BEAST...
THE NEXT EVENING DONALD MATSON WAITED FOR THE LADY IN WHITE TO COME AT THE APPOINTED TIME!
I CAN SHOW NER NO MERCY! SHE KILLED RAZON, AND THE GUARD!
RAZON WAS THE HUNTER WHO CAPTURED NER, AND THE GUARD TREATED HER CRUELLY! BUT I MUSTN'T MAKE EXCUSES! AFTER ALL, I AM A MAN---AND--- AND SHE IS A CREATURE OF MADNESS!
SHE MUST PAY FOR HER CRIMES! I'LL... WHAT'S THAT? I HEARD SOMEONE MOVING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
IS THAT YOU, MY DARLING? WHERE ARE YOU?
HERE I AM!
YAHRRRR!
NO!
POOR MATSON! HE LEARNED TOO LATE THAT WHEN YOU FALL IN LOVE WITH A LADY WHO IS A TIGRESS, YOU MUST BE VERY... VERY SURE WHICH OF THEM KEEPS YOUR RENDEZVOUS.... THE LADY-- OR THE TIGRESS! HEH-HEH-HEH!

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN LOST..LOCKED IN THE GRIP OF ENDLESS TERROR FROM WHICH THERE SEEMED NO ESCAPE? HAVE YOU FELT THAT EVERY MOMENT WOULD BE YOUR LAST...EVERY STEP WOULD BRING YOU FACE TO FACE WITH THE HORRIBLE FATE YOU WERE TRYING TO AVOID? IF NOT, THEN COME AND EXPERIENCE THE SUFFOCATION AND MADNESS OF BEING A PRISONER IN *THE HOUSE OF DOORS!*

The HOUSE of DOORS

WE'LL NEVER FIND OUR WAY OUT! SO MANY DOORS! SO MANY DOORS!

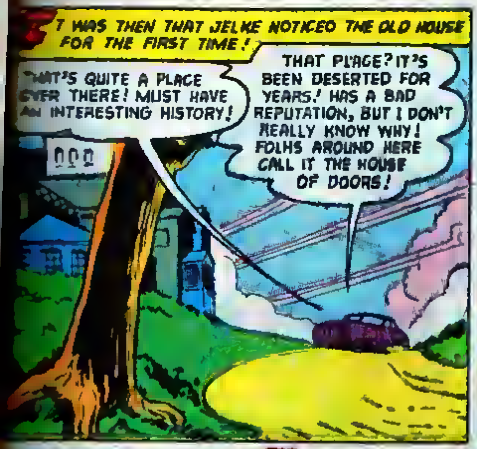
ANDREW JELKE, STAR SALESMAN FOR RINGLEAF FABRICS, HAD GONE OFF HIS BEATEN PATH TO CONTACT A NEW ACCOUNT! IT HAD BEEN A LONG DRIVE ...AND A LONELY ONE...AND JELKE WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO HAVE COMPANY!

HOP IN, FELLA! YOU'RE LUCKY I CAME ALONG!

I'D JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP HOPE OF GETTING A LIFT! THANKS A LOT!

I HOPE YOU KNOW THIS SECTION! IT'S ALL NEW TO ME, AND I WAS GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT TAKING A WRONG TURN!

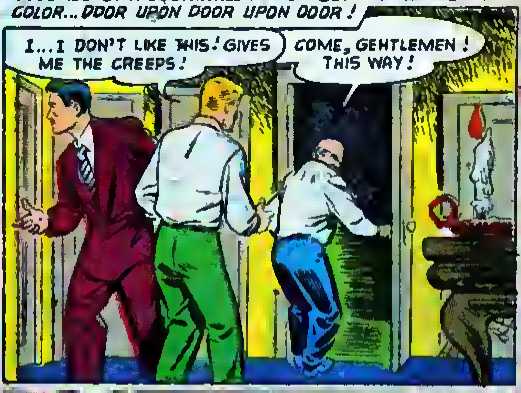
YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT ANY LONGER! I WAS BORN AND BROUGHT UP AROUND HERE!



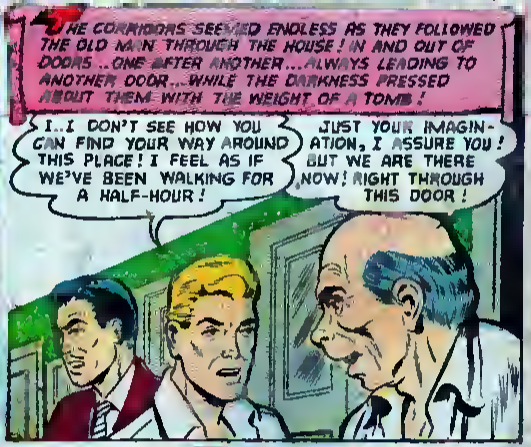
THE SOUND OF THE CRASH BURST THROUGH THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRYSIDE WITH THE FORCE OF A THOUSAND THUNDERS! ANDREW JELKE AND HIS COMPANION, CONRAD FURTH, SLOWLY AROSE FROM THE OBLIVION OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, AND...

JELKE EXPERIENCED A MOMENTARY FEELING OF REVULSION... AN INNER WARNING TELLING HIM TO AVOID THEIR STRANGE HOST... BUT THE SOUND OF A GATHERING STORM LEFT HIM NO RECOURSE... AND HE AND FURTH FOLLOWED, UNTIL...

THE HOUSE OF DOORS! THEY LOOKED AROUND IN AMAZEMENT! ALMOST EVERY INCH OF WALLSPACE WAS OCCUPIED BY A DOOR... ALL SIZES... BUT THE SAME BROWN COLOR... DOOR UPON DOOR UPON DOOR!



THE CORRIDORS SEEMED ENDLESS AS THEY FOLLOWED THE OLD MAN THROUGH THE HOUSE! IN AND OUT OF DOORS .. ONE AFTER ANOTHER... ALWAYS LEADING TO ANOTHER DOOR... WHILE THE DARKNESS PRESSED ABOUT THEM WITH THE WEIGHT OF A TOMB!



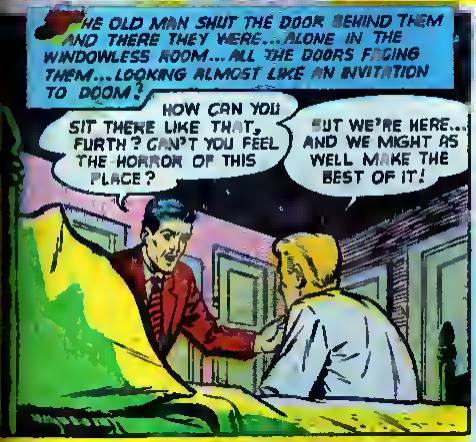
THE QUESTION WAS UNANSWERED... AND SILENCE FILLED THE ROOM! THERE WAS NO SOUND BUT THE SHUFFLING OF THE OLD MAN'S FEET AS HE CARRIED THE COFFEE TO THE TABLE!

ELKE HAD ACCIDENTALLY TOUCHED THE OLD MAN'S HAND... AND HE HAD ALMOST THOUGHT, FOR THE MOMENT, HE HAD TOUCHED THE HAND OF DEATH! IT WAS COLD .. COLD AS THE GRAVE .. AND HE WAS FILLED WITH A RAPIDLY GROWING FEAR!

FOR SOME REASON, JELKE WAS AFRAID TO ADMIT HIS FEAR .. AND THE MINUTES PASSED, UNTIL...
IT IS RAINING VERY HEAVILY NOW! I AM AFRAID YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEND THE NIGHT HERE! IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME, I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR BEDROOM!

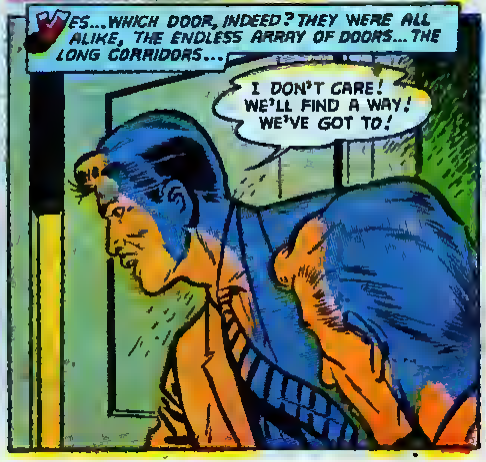
THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS PLACE, FURTH! AND THE OLD MAN...
I-- I FEEL IT, TOO... BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT AT THE MOMENT!

HERE! EVERYTHING IS READY FOR YOU! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THE BED VERY COMFORTABLE!
IT... IT LOOKS FINE!


THE OLD MAN SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AND THERE THEY WERE... ALONE IN THE WINDOWLESS ROOM... ALL THE DOORS FACING THEM... LOOKING ALMOST LIKE AN INVITATION TO DOOM!
HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE LIKE THAT, FURTH? CAN'T YOU FEEL THE HORROR OF THIS PLACE?
BUT WE'RE HERE... AND WE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE BEST OF IT!

THEN... SUDDENLY...
BHHHHHH! AHHHHH!
Y-YES! A TERRIBLE GROAN...
DID... DID YOU HEAR THAT?

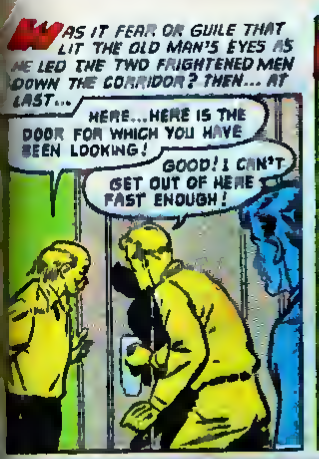
THE SOUND ROSE AND FELL WITH INSISTENT REGULARITY... POUNDING AGAINST THEIR EARS WITH GROWING HORROR... A GROANING, MOANING, HELPLESS SOUND!
STORM OR NO STORM... I'M NOT GOING TO STAY HERE ANY LONGER THAN I HAVE TO!
ALL RIGHT... BUT NOW WILL WE EVER FIND OUR WAY OUT? WHICH DOOR?


YES... WHICH DOOR, INDEED? THEY WERE ALL ALIKE, THE ENDLESS ARRAY OF DOORS... THE LONG CORRIDORS...
I DON'T CARE! WE'LL FIND A WAY! WE'VE GOT TO!

THROUGH THE CORRIDORS THEY RUSHED... PASSING DOOR AFTER DOOR ... NEVER KNOWING WHICH TURN WOULD BE THE RIGHT ONE!

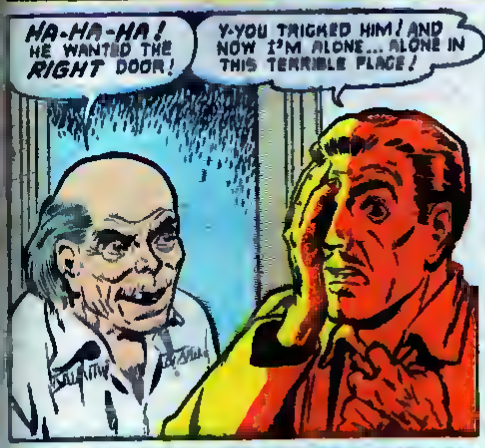
A BOTTOMLESS VOID... THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF NOTHINGNESS! FURTH SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT WITH A SPEED BORN OF TERROR!

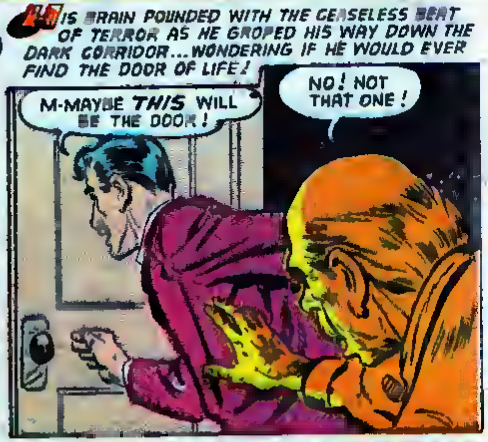
THE OLD MAN'S WORDS WERE THE FINAL BLOW TO CONRAD FURTH'S LAST SHRED OF REASON! ESCAPE WAS THE ONLY THOUGHT LEFT IN HIS MIND, AND HE SUDDENLY BECAME CONSCIOUS OF THE KNIFE HE HAD PICKED UP IN THE BEDROOM!


WAS IT FEAR OR GUILE THAT LIT THE OLD MAN'S EYES AS HE LED THE TWO FRIGHTENED MEN DOWN THE CORRIDOR? THEN... AT LAST...
HERE...HERE IS THE DOOR FOR WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING!
GOOD! I CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE FAST ENOUGH!

AIEEE!
NO! NO!

AHHHHH!


HA-HA-HA! HE WANTED THE RIGHT DOOR!
Y-YOU TRICKED HIM! AND NOW I'M ALONE... ALONE IN THIS TERRIBLE PLACE!


HIS BRAIN POUNDED WITH THE CEASELESS BEAT OF TERROR AS HE GROPED HIS WAY DOWN THE DARK CORRIDOR...WONDERING IF HE WOULD EVER FIND THE DOOR OF LIFE!
M-MAYBE THIS WILL BE THE DOOR!
NO! NOT THAT ONE!

UGH! THIS... THIS IS THE WORST OF ALL!

I TRIED TO TELL YOU NOT TO OPEN THAT DOOR! IF YOU HAD GONE IN THERE, YOUR FATE WOULD BE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL! BUT ANY OTHER DOOR...
ANY...OTHER... DOOR?
SLAM!

IT WAS THEN THAT JELKE'S DESPERATION TOOK HOLD! FRIGHTENING AS IT SEEMED, THIS WAS THE ONLY ROOM THE OLD MAN **DIDN'T** WANT HIM TO ENTER! MAYBE... MAYBE IT **WAS** THE RIGHT ROOM! HE HAD TO TRY!

I'M GOING IN HERE!

NO! NO!

AND THEN...

AHHHH!!

THE TENTACLES WRAPPED AROUND HIM AND PULLED HIM DOWN! HE SANK INTO THE SLIME, AND FELT HIMSELF FLOATING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE MASS THAT SURROUNDED HIM! HIS WHOLE BODY WAS TORTURED WITH WRACKING PAIN... A PAIN THAT WOULD NEVER END!

THEN THE PAIN STOPPED WITH ASTONISHING SUDDENNESS, AND JELKE OPENED HIS EYES! HE WAS NO LONGER IN THE HOUSE OF DOORS! HE WAS IN A STRANGE PLACE... A PLACE OF WHITENESS AND CALM!

LOOK! HE'S COMING OUT OF IT! HE'S GOING TO LIVE!

UNBELIEVABLE RECOVERY!

SO HE **WAS** ALIVE! HE **HAD** FOUND THE DOOR OF LIFE! OR MAYBE THERE WAS NO SUCH PLACE... MAYBE IT WAS ALL A DREAM! HE HAD TO KNOW!

DOCTOR... THE MAN WHO WAS WITH ME... CONRAD FURTH! IS HE... IS HE...

I'M SORRY! HE'S DEAD! HE DIDN'T SURVIVE THE CRASH! THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT HIS DEATH, TOO! HIS NECK WAS BROKEN ...**ALMOST AS IF HE'D FALLEN FROM A GREAT HEIGHT!**

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED...

NO... THE GOOD DOCTOR **COULDN'T** POSSIBLY UNDERSTAND IT... AND HE NEVER WILL! OF COURSE, HE MAY SOME DAY PAY A VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF DOORS, AND THEN IT WILL ALL BECOME QUITE CLEAR! IN FACT, IT MIGHT BECOME **MUCH TOO CLEAR!** HEH-HEH-HEH!

HORROR

DEFYING ALL DESCRIPTION!

...SEE IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES
IF YOU *DARE*... IN

WORLDS OF FEAR

STORIES OF
WEIRD ADVENTURE

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

IF THE DEAD COULD BE
FRIGHTENED BACK TO LIFE...

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE WEIRDEST OF ALL THE
SUPERNATURAL COMIC MAGAZINES
WOULD DO IT!

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢